

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1855.

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BOOK, JOB AND ORNAMENTAL
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Buffalo, September, 1854. 11

Poetry.

From the Quebec Mercury.

Sliding.

What a lovely night! the round red moon,
Sails high in the air like a balloon,
While the stars shine brightly, like so many
sky-rockets.

Or clouds, as it were, in topsy-turvy,
And, flickering over the shimmering town,
The moon-light is streaming up and down,
Till each slatted roof and tall thin spire,
Gloves silver and red, with its joyous fire,
Nature, though dreaming, yet smiles in place—
What a night for a slide down the steep gleads!

So let's away—

—Tis no sight for sleep—
See the moon-beams play
On the gleads steep,
And the moon looks down
With a laughing air—
Oh! let's not miss
A night so fair.

Oh! here's a health to the lucky man
Who first invented the toboggan!
The red man's tools would be well repaid
If he just tried a slide with his Indian maid.
Here's the top of the hill—now down we go,
Swift as the shaft from the twanging bow,
Or, slicker than lightning over a way
Well oiled and greased, as our friends would
say.

Our breath is gone like his who was tied
On the wild steed's back, for the dreadful ride.

They may talk of a fly flirtation,
By the light of the chandelier,
And such like dissipation,
When nobody's very near;
But then they never tried—
On a star-light night and clear,
Down the steep gleads, a slide,
With a precious freight to steer.

They may praise the polka's round,
Or the waltz, or the jiggy whirl—
To music's melting sound—
As up and down they whirl—
But give me the slippery steep!
Give me the cold moon's ray!
The cooling rush of the outstripped wind!
The glide of the Indian sleigh!

For though we may lack the chandelier,
The light of the moon is passing clear;
And though we have not soft music's swell,
There's a silvery voice I love as well—
Our roof is the same sky-anvil,
Studded with many a starry world,
Which shadows a gayer and grander hall,
Than ever witnessed a thronging ball—
So if dull care should come in your way,
The best receipt is an Indian sleigh.

Miscellany.

Miracle of Mercy.

"AND HE THAT WAS DEAD SAT UP, AND BEGAN TO SPEAK."

The facts hereinafter narrated, occurred in the year 1813, and were fully confirmed to John F. Watson, our Amalst of Philadelphia, by the Commodore himself, in 1824, through the medium of Joseph Nourse, Esq., Register of the Treasury. After the occurrence, such was the impressiveness of the facts on the mind of the Commodore, that he became a religious professor. He stated to Mr. Watson, that the Surgeon of the ship should some day thereafter give a published account of the whole transaction. This seems to have been fulfilled in the "Itinerant," about the year 1824. At all events, the following, as republished in the Norristown Herald of 8th July, 1829, gives the same as from the "Itinerant." Although the name of the Surgeon is not given, it is ascertained that R. L. Thorne was the Surgeon, and Wm. Turk Mate, for the year 1831.

The "Itinerant" had prefaced the relation by saying, "It has come to us with evidence sufficient to warrant confidence, as much as any fact in history; and to doubt it, would argue an affected scrupulosity, foreign from our convictions," to wit:

Although the events now for the first time recorded, occurred ten years ago, they are still fresh on my recollection, and have made so strong an impression upon my mind, that time can never obliterate them. They partake so much of the marvellous, that I would not dare to commit them to paper, were there not so many living witnesses to the truth of the facts narrated; some of them of the greatest respectability, and even sanctioned by Commodore Rogers. The story is considered by all who have heard it, too interesting to be lost. I therefore proceed to the task, while those are in existence who can confirm it.

Living in an enlightened age and country, where bigotry and superstition have nearly lost their influence over the minds of men, particularly among the citizens of this republic, where knowledge is so universally diffused, I have often been deterred from relating a circumstance, so wonderful as to stagger the belief of the most credulous; but facts are stubborn things, and the weight of testimony in this case cannot be resisted. Unable for the want of time or room to enter into any particulars as I could wish, I will give to the best of my recollection, the most prominent and striking occurrences in the order in which they took place, without comment or embellishment.

Some time in the latter part of December, 1813, a man by the name of William Kemble, aged about 23 years, a seaman on board of

the United States frigate President, commanded by Commodore Rogers, on a cruise, then near the Western Islands, was brought to me from one of the tops, in which he had been stationed, having burst a vessel in his lungs. Being at that time in great danger of instant death, the blood gushing with great violence from his mouth and nostrils, it was with much difficulty that I succeeded in stopping the discharge. He was immediately put on the use of remedies suited to his case. I visited him often, and had the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with his temper, habits, and intellectual attainments, and under all circumstances during his illness, found his language and behaviour such as stamped him the rough, profane and illiterate sailor. It is my belief, though I cannot positively assert it, that he could neither read nor write. It is certain that his conversation never differed in the least from that of the most ignorant and abandoned of his associates—constantly mixed with oaths of the lowest vulgarity. Had he possessed talents or learning, he must have betrayed it to me during his long confinement.

In the early part of January, a vessel bore down upon us, with every appearance of being an English frigate.—All hands were called to quarters; and after a short and animated address; by the Commodore to the crew, all prepared to do their duty. Before I descended to the cockpit, well knowing Kemble's spirits, and how anxious he would be to partake in the glory of the victory, (deaf never entering our throats) I thought it better to visit him. After stating to him the peculiar situation he was in, and the great danger he would be exposed to, by the least motion, I entreated him and ordered him not to stir during the action, which he promised to observe. We were soon after obliged to fire. At the sound of the first gun he could restrain himself no longer—regardless of my admonition, and of his own danger, he rushed upon deck and flew to his gun, laying hold to help to run her out. A fresh and tremendous discharge from his lungs was the consequence, and he was brought down to me again, in a most deplorable state. I apprehended immediate death, but by the application of the proper remedies, I succeeded, once more, in stopping the hemorrhage, by which he was reduced to a state of extreme debility. Being near the equator, and suffering much from heat, his hammock was hung upon the gun deck between the ports, as affording the best circulation of air. He continued some time free from hemorrhage, but was under the constant use of medicines, and was confined to a particular diet. This made him fretful, and he would frequently charge my mates with starving him, and at the same time damning them in the true sailor style. After some time, being again called to quarters at night, he was necessarily removed below to the sick berth, (commonly called bay) this was followed by another discharge of blood from his lungs, which was renewed at intervals until his death. On the 17th of January, in the afternoon, Dr.—(my first mate), came to me on deck, and reported Kemble to be dead. I directed him to see that his messmates did what was usual on such occasions, preparatory to committing his remains to the deep. About two hours after this Dr.—again called upon me, and said that Kemble had come to life, and was holding forth to the sailors in a strange way. I directly went down, where I witnessed one of the most remarkable and unaccountable transactions, that perhaps has ever fallen to the lot of man to behold. Kemble had awakened, as it were, from sleep, raised himself up, called for his messmates in particular, and those men who were not on duty, to attend to his words. He told them he had experienced death, but was allowed a short space of time to return, and give them, as well as the officers, some directions for their future conduct in life. In this situation I found him surrounded by all mute with astonishment, and naving the most serious attention to every word that escaped from his lips. The oldest men were in tears—not a dry eye was to be seen, or a whisper to be heard—all was as solemn and silent as the grave. His whole body was as cold as death could make it. There was no pulsation in the wrists, the temples, or the chest, perceptible. His voice was clear and powerful; his eyes uncommonly brilliant and animated. After a short and pertinent address to the medical gentlemen, he told me, in a peremptory manner, to bring Commodore Rogers to him, as he had something to say to him before he finally left us. The Commodore consented to go with me, when a scene was presented truly novel and indescribable, and calculated to fill with awe the stoutest heart. The sick bay (or berth) in which he lay is entirely set apart to the use of those who are confined to their beds by illness. Supported by the surgeons, surrounded by his weeping and astonished comrades, a crowd of spectators looking through the lattice work which enclosed the room, a common japed lamp, throwing out a sickly light, and a candle held opposite his face by an attendant, was the situation of

things, when our worthy Commodore made his appearance. And well does he remember the effect produced by so uncommon a spectacle, especially when followed by the utterance of those words from the mouth of one long supposed to have been dead! "Commodore Rogers, I have sent for you, sir, being commissioned by a higher power, to address you for a short time, and to deliver the message entrusted to me, when I was permitted to revisit the earth. Once I trembled in your presence, and was eager to obey your commands; but now I am your superior, being no longer an inhabitant of this earth. I have seen the glories of the world of spirits. I am not permitted to make known what I have beheld. Indeed, were I not forbidden, language would be inadequate to the task. 'Tis enough for you and the crew to know that I have been sent back to earth to reanimate, for a few hours, my lifeless body, commissioned by God, to perform the work I am now engaged in." He then, in language as chaste and appropriate as would not have disgraced the lips or the pen of a Divine, took a hasty view of all the mortal and religious duties incumbent upon the commander of a ship of war; he reviewed the vices prevalent on board a ship; pointed out the relative duties of officers and men, and concluded by urging the necessity of reformation and repentance. He did not, as was feared by our brave Commodore, attempt to prove the sinfulness of fighting and wars, but, on the contrary, warmly recommended to the men the performance of their duty to their country with courage and fidelity. His speeches occupied about three-quarters of an hour; and if the whole could have been taken down at the time, they would have made a considerable pamphlet, which would, no doubt, have been in great demand. Doctor—, now at Boston, heard all the addresses; I only the last. When he finished with the Commodore his head dropped upon his breast his eyes closed, and he appeared to pass through a second death; no pulsation, nor the least degree of warmth, could be perceived during the time he was speaking. I ordered him to be laid aside, and left him.

I was soon called into the cabin, where the Commodore required from me an explanation of the case on rational and philosophical principles. This I endeavored to give—I but in part succeeded. It would swell this narrative too much to repeat all I said in endeavoring to elucidate the subject; at least it proved a lame attempt. For, when asked how this man, without education or reading, or mixing in other society than that of common sailors, should acquire the command of the purest language, properly arranged, and delivered clearly, distinctly, with much animation and great effect. I gave no reply; and it was, and ever will remain, inexplicable without admitting supernatural agency. The days of miracles are passed, and I know I shall be laughed at by many for dwelling upon or repeating this story. But never since I arrived at the years of discretion has anything taken a stronger hold upon my mind; and that man must have been made of strange materials, who could have been an indifferent spectator. Was he divinely illuminated? Was he inspired? or was the whole effect of natural causes? These are questions which have arisen in the minds of many, and must be left for the learned of two professions to answer. I returned to bed deeply reflecting upon the past, unable to sleep, when about nine o'clock P. M., many hours after Kemble had been laid by, I was called out of bed to visit a man taken suddenly ill, in his hammock, hanging near Kemble's apartment. It was an hour when all but the watch on deck, had turned in; general silence reigned, and all the lights below put out, with the exception of a single lamp in the sick man's apartment where lay the remains of Kemble. I had bled the sick man—he was relieved. I entered the sick room before I retired to replace something—, and was turning round to leave it, being alone, when I was almost petrified upon beholding Kemble sitting up in his berth, with his eyes (which had regained their former brilliancy and intelligence), fixed intently upon mine. I became, for a moment speechless and motionless. Thinks I to myself, what have I done, or left undone, in this man's case, that should cause him thus to stare at me at this late hour, and alone I waited a long time in painful suspense, dreading some horrible disclosure, when I was relieved by his commanding me to fetch him some water. With what alacrity I obeyed, can easily be imagined. I gave him a tin mug containing water, which he put to his mouth, drank the contents and returned it to me; then laid himself quietly down for the last time.—His situation was precisely the same in every respect, as before described. The time had now expired which he had said was given to remain in the body.

The next day by noon, all hands attended, as usual, to hear the funeral service read, and see his remains consigned to a watery grave. It was an unusually solemn period. Scarcely

are naturally superstitious, and on this occasion

their minds had been wrought upon in a singular manner. Decorum is always observed by sailors at such times; but now they were affected to tears. And when the body was slid from the plank into the sea, every one rushed instinctively to the ship's side to take a last look. The usual weights had been attached to the feet; yet as if in compliment to their anxiety to see more of him, the body rose, perpendicularly from the water breast high two or three times. This incident added greatly to the astonishment already created in the minds of the men. I beg leave to remark that it was not thought proper to keep the body longer in the warm latitudes we were in. I have now given a short and very imperfect sketch of the important events attending the last illness and death of William Kemble.

The change produced upon the crew was for a time very remarkable. It appeared as if they would never smile or swear again; but the effect wore off by degrees, except when the subject was renewed. (Signed.)

Do You Believe in Dreams.

To those who believe in dreams, the following well authenticated account from the Cincinnati Daily Times, will be a rich treat to strengthen their faith.

A SINGULAR DREAM—MOST REMARKABLE REALIZATION.—A young married lady, the wife of a Main street merchant, residing on Race street, in the vicinity of Third, had a most singular dream on the night of Wednesday, December 6th, which has since been realized in a remarkable manner. The name of the lady we withhold at her own request. On the night spoken of she retired to her bed in a pleasant frame of mind, not, however, particularly elated. The first of the night she was visited by a deep sleep, which, as the dawn appeared, gave way to a slumber of a more broken character. Suddenly she dreamed—and dreaming, saw her brother, the same that two years ago left her orphan home to brave the hardships of California life, that he might secure to himself and sister a competence. She saw him rise from a bed in a small hut-like tenement, and running his hand under the pillow, drew from thence a revolver and a huge bowie knife, both of which he placed in a belt that he wore around his body. It seemed that it was not far from midnight, for the embers were yet smoking on the rude hearth, and as they cast their lurid glare over his countenance, she thought that perhaps it was all a dream, but then she concluded that no dream could be so real, and became convinced that all was actual.

While she gazed upon his countenance the expression suddenly changed—it betrayed an intense watchfulness; every pulse seemed suspended and every heart-throb muffled, while the eye stood fixed on a particular spot near the head of the bed, where, through a small aperture not noticed before, was a human hand grasping a short, bent instrument, looking terribly like a dagger. It apparently sought the head of the bed, for as it touched the pillow it passed itself slowly down to about the supposed region of the heart and poised itself for a second as if to make sure its aim. That second was sufficient for the brother to rise noiselessly from his seat, draw his bowie knife from his belt, and advance a single step toward the bed. Just as the dagger descended into the blankets, the knife of the brother came down like a meat-axe, close to the aperture, completely severing the hand of the would-be assassin above the wrist and causing the dagger and limb to fall on the bed, trophies of his victory. A deep, prolonged yell sounded without, and on rushing to the aperture and convincing himself that there was but one, the brother unbolted the door and stepped out. The moon was shining, and by its light, was discovered a man writing as if in the last agonies.

The minor drew the body to the door, and turning its face to the fire, beheld the visage of a Mexican who for some fancied injury, had sworn to never rest until he had taken his (the brother's) life. On examining the man closely, he was discovered to have a wound in the vicinity of the heart, which a long, sharp, two-edged blade in his left hand abundantly accounted for. Failing in the attempt to assassinate his victim, he had, with his only remaining hand, driven another knife to his own heart. The lady awoke, and vividly impressed with the dream, related its substance as here recorded, to her husband. Judge then of her and his surprise when they yesterday received a letter from California, per the North Star, from the brother, relating an adventure on the night of December 6th, precisely identical with that seen by the lady in her dream. Verily there are strange things in heaven and earth. Was the dream merely an accidental coincidence, or was the spirit of the dreamer actually present in the lodge of the brother? These and other inquiries involuntarily rise to the lips, and seek a solution not yet granted to mortals to solve.

Have mercy on horses.

Free Thoughts on Free Love.

From the Spiritual Universe.

MR. EDITOR:

In a late number of your paper, there is an article on Free Love, by Francis Barry. If he is a spiritualist, and his article a true exponent of spiritualism, we will merit the odium which is cast upon us by outsiders.

It is a great pity that the question of Free Love, as taught by Mr. B., should ever have come up; as there is no necessary connection between Free Love and Spiritualism. But since it is now before the world, it is necessary it should be freely discussed and sifted; and I know of no better way to come at the merits (or demerits) of the question, than to inquire into what would be the natural consequences of an abolition of all legal and social restraints on the operation of love between the sexes. It is of no use to go on to extol love and condemn lust. One is as natural as the other (and a little more so.) And who is prepared to say where one begins and the other ends? We are fully aware that there is a low, sordid lust, that is worse than brutish in its nature; and in which there is no element of true love. But we are not prepared to say that there is any love (among mortals) entirely free from all elements of lust. Love is human; lust is animal, in its nature; and when we can separate our human from our animal nature, then may we separate love from lust.

Were all legal and social restraints removed, the consequence would be, that the species would multiply far beyond the due means of support, as the only natural limits to procreation is poverty and old age. The world is not now prepared to take proper care of such a progeny; but the consequence would be poverty, ignorance, starvation, infanticide, &c.

Again, there is another passion of the human heart, which we would do well to analyze and consult before we go too far in Free Loveism. There is no passion so perfectly reckless, when fully aroused, as Jealousy; and think you matters would pass off well with a couple, after having commenced living together, if one in the exercise of Free Love, should go in for a little variety? Law might tolerate it; Society might tolerate it; but Nature would rebel in a whirlwind of jealousy and revenge.

If the question of Free Loveism is to be seriously mooted, I would suggest that we send a committee to the unsophisticated Indians of the Rocky Mountains, and inquire into its operation among them.

Not knowing, Mr. Editor, that my communication will command your respect, I might here close, though there is another question—not of Free Love, but of Free Action, which I wish to see brought fully before the world, viz: The Social right of woman to make advances, and declaration of love to the other sex.

How stands the case now? Our social laws require the female to look up in the most secret recesses of her heart any predilections she may feel for any young man. This I consider emphatically wrong; and I will venture the broad assertion, that, had woman Free Liberty in matters of courtship, there would be far fewer unhappy matches. It will scarcely be denied, that if to man belongs the empire of the head, to woman belongs the empire of the heart.—And we think it is equally clear, that woman has a much stronger intuition in love matters than man; hence in those matters, they should not only have equal, but superior privileges.

Thus much to open up the question of Free Courtship.

O. I. PHELPS.

PIKETON, OHIO.

The *Courant* (Hartford, Conn.) is quoted by *The Trivy* (Wag) as saying of Gov. Seward, that: "His recommendation that separate schools should be taught for foreigners in their own languages, we most unequivocally condemn."

—Will the Editor of *The Courant* be good enough to understand that that story about teaching foreigners in their own languages is a lie—an unmitigated, malicious, abominable lie. Of course, he did not invent it; and did not know it to be a lie when he uttered it; but where must his eyes have been for the last ten years? The passage which disproves the slander has been so often quoted, and the calumny itself exposed, that no man who knows how to read, is at this day excusable in repeating it. Will you take it back?

We clip the above from the New York Tribune. We hope the avowal of the Tribune comes from well founded convictions; and we wish it could assert as positively, without perversion of truth, that Mr. S. never favored the Catholic policy of dividing the school fund between Catholics and Protestants, to favor the propagation of Romanism in the common schools.

—Good Retort.—Some one called Richard Steels the "vilest of mankind." He retorted, with proud humility: "It would be a glorious world if I were!"

The utility of Law.

In a paper lying before us, we find the following paragraph, which it seems to us, contains the gist of all the argument that can be rationally used against a prohibitory liquor law:

"When you attempt to reform men by coercive means—when, instead of reason, you present them with the argument of bolts and bars, fines and imprisonments, you repel them from your cause—you arouse within their bosoms a spirit of opposition that hurls defiance at your penalties, and treats your menaces with scorn. Such is man's nature the world over, and such it has been through all past ages. You can gain men's hearts by persuasion—never by persecution. You can control them and secure their reformation by the powers of reason, but never through the instrumentality of force."

This is good reasoning and true, and requires but the insertion of a single word to make it acceptable to every thinking mind. In the last sentence but one, and between the words: "gain" and "men's" insert that little word which grammarians term an "indefinite adjective pronoun," so as to make it read: "you can gain some men's hearts," and it will be the truth and nothing but the truth. The worst of it is, it will still come far short of being all the truth. Besides those men to whom this reasoning properly applies, there are vast numbers who have no innate principle of right, of truth, of honesty, or honor. They have no feelings to be reached by persuasion, exhortation, exhortation or pathetic appeal. Sordid selfishness and total want of sympathy, are the characteristics of great numbers who are now engaged in the liquor traffic. The most of those who possess right principles and sympathizing souls, whose natures are susceptible to moral influences and whose minds are capable of receiving and appreciating moral truth, have already been converted from the evil of their ways by the influence of that same moral suasion which the writer of the text would vainly apply to all men without discrimination.

What is law? It is a rule of action, adopted by communities for the enforcement of conventional regulations. Law does not create any right nor give any charter of freedom not inherited from nature. Its very nature is restrictive, inhibitory, coercive, compulsory. Communities of men, in order to enjoy the advantages individually derived from combinations of physical and intellectual forces, agree to surrender certain individual rights and place them under the control of their aggregate bodies, which are generally represented by executive councils appointed for the purpose. Laws are the rules of organized societies of men; and each organization adopts such rules as experience tells them are necessary to the general peace and happiness; and all such rules should have reference to the general interest and not interfere with such individual rights as do not affect the community.

The man who is disposed to commit murder, robbery, arson, larceny, assault and battery, &c., may not plead his natural right to do what his disposition prompts him to do, for it prompts him to take away the rights of others, which all civilized communities are bound to protect with their aggregate power. There is no natural right that would seem to be more inalienable than the commerce of the sexes, nor has any other natural right a higher claim to the sanction of nature and nature's God. Yet communities, in the organization of their conventional systems, place restraints upon even this natural right, and that by common consent, from which the avowed dissenters are few indeed. There are supposed to be sufficient reasons for the inhibitory statutes that have been thrown around this natural right, by the general consent of social organizations. Those reasons are too well understood by every intelligent reader to render their enumeration necessary in this article.

Why may not two men, each having an estate worth one thousand dollars, throw the two estates into common stock, and play at cards or dice for the whole? The regulations of our conventional system forbid them to do it. Why is this? Is the property not their own? and did they ever surrender their individual right to dispose of it as they please?

It is their own, and they never relinquished the right of disposing of it. Is it not usurpation, then, in the law-making authority, to interpose the conventional power to prevent them from doing what they please with their own? It is just as fair on the one side as it is on the other; and if they mutually agree that a game at cards shall decide which shall have all and which shall have none, whose business is but their own? The wisdom of the community of which they are members, and to which they have delegated the power of imposing wholesome restraints upon individual conduct, has discovered that this practice, which is denominated gambling, has a tendency to become an absorbing passion, luring men from fair and honorable pursuits, and stimulating them to the practice of tricks and frauds; and that the consequences are highly prejudicial to morals and destructive of the happiness of individuals and families. Hence it has been enacted that the decision of ownership, by the arbitrament of cards, dice or any other game of chance, shall not be deemed a legal transfer of property, and that such property may be reclaimed by the owner. Not only this, but the law goes on to say that the practice shall be deemed criminal, and shall be punished like all other infractions of the criminal code, by fine, imprisonment, &c.

All this time, the process of moral suasion is going on, and it is constantly doing its legitimate work and fulfilling its mission. But as constantly it encounters characters that sneer

and scoff at it, ridicule and despise it, and delight in acting in open defiance of it. We have a country which invites to its shores and to its boundless bosom, every class of people from the old world, many, if not a majority, of whom are as callous to the influence of moral suasion as the hungry wolf is to the bleeding of the lamb. And besides this continual influx of raw material, we have plenty of native inflexibilities which defy the labors of all reformers. For these, penal statutes are indispensable. Nothing short of positive and potent inhibition will have any influence on the actions of these classes of people.

No man of sense can deny that the intemperance use of intoxicating drinks is vastly the greatest evil that afflicts our country. No one can justify it on the ground that it is practiced in obedience to any of the laws of nature, as the habit of intemperance is acquired by a course of conduct against which those laws stand and long reprobate. Nor can any one rightly plead that the habit and traffic proposed to be inhibited by law, are beneficial, in any case, to the physical, moral or intellectual well-being of society or its individual members. Why, then, let statutory law be made to reach those classes whom parental, fraternal, moral and spiritual suasion cannot affect?

Rum is yet fearfully potent in its operations upon legislative bodies as well as upon poor besotted humanity in rags. It reaches them through all practicable influences. It approaches, in various ways, the press, the forum, the court and the jury. It has thousands of feed advocates as well as those who are interested on their own account, by being engaged in the traffic. From any of these, it is not wonderful to hear an ingenious argument, predicated on that ever ready theme of acclamatory rant, *Popular rights*, than which nothing has ever been the source of more abundant or more gross absurdities.

We will conclude by the expression of our opinion, deliberately formed, that there is nothing inhibited by the criminal code, not even murder, that does not less demand the intervention of prohibitory law, than the habit of intemperance and the traffic which promotes it.

Birth of a Spirit.

The spirit of CAPT. ALEXANDER RAMSDELL, on Wednesday evening last, took its departure from its earthly tenement, which had become so dilapidated by age and hard service, that it was no fit habitation for its immortal tenant. It was always evident to all those who were intimately acquainted with CAPT. RAMSDELL, that he had a soul of goodly dimensions, and one which could not only feel keenly for the woes of others, but which was ready, as far as his means would warrant, to make his sympathy manifest by acts of benevolence. A kind neighbor, a faithful friend and a good citizen was CAPT. RAMSDELL. Although his exterior seemed to have been formed more by the winds, waves and storms of that turbulent element on which he spent so large a share of his manhood, than by the chisels and brushes of the schools or the furbishing influences of the drawing room, it enclosed an interior which was the home of unswerving integrity and unalloyed honor.

CAPT. RAMSDELL, as is indicated above, was a sea-faring man from youth up to middle age, and was master of many ships. During the eighteen years that we have known him, he has been keeper of the light-house, in Buffalo harbor. Having had an intimate acquaintance with him, he long since communicated to us his want of faith in the religious dogmas of the age, and his doubts of a future existence. Like many thousands of other untrammelled minds, CAPT. RAMSDELL, became convinced of that most important of all truths, the immortality of the human soul, through spiritual manifestations. Thereby his death-bed was made a couch of ease, contentment and happiness, and he passed to the second state of existence in the full belief of eternal life and endless progression.

CAPTAIN R. had arrived at the ripe of seventy years, three months and eight days. His funeral takes place to-day—Saturday—at two P. M., from the residence of his son-in-law, Wm. L. Williams, No. 59 Sixth street.

Where lies the Fault.

We frequently receive communications from our mail subscribers, complaining of the non reception of the papers which they have paid for and which are their due. One of these complaints came to us this morning, from LAONA CHANTAUQUE. Now, we not only know, but we can prove, that we mailed the papers which were not received. We have a number of subscribers in the village of Laona, and we mail them all in one package, writing the name of each on his paper, and directing the package to its destination. That the package is not broken open in the Buffalo Postoffice, we are well aware. And we know that it must be opened by the Postmaster at Laona. Let him answer to our complaining subscriber for the delinquencies.

Prevision.

We find, in the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser of Wednesday last, the following paragraph in the communication of a correspondent at Kalamazoo, Michigan:

"A few weeks since, an interesting lad of ten years, one day after dinner, brought his sled with several other playthings to his mother, and told her if he should die, to keep them for his little cousin in Cincinnati. He then kissed her, and went out to play. In two hours he was brought in a corpse. He had gone on the river to skate, and was drowned. If I was a believer in the 'spirits,' I would add the fact, that several of the family are 'mediums'—but I believe have long since ceased to interest themselves in the 'science' enough to sit for communications."

Moral Bravery.

The difference between physical and moral heroism may not be understood by every reader. Let us explain briefly: The physical hero is the man who hazards his life, either in the field of battle or in some dangerous enterprise. The incentives to this kind of heroism, are prospective wealth, fame and official distinction. As long as the human family continue to look upon the science of war and the human carnage produced by it, as necessary to the maintenance of national rights and honor, so long will a successful commander and an expert man-slayer receive the homage of all hearts which are not the abiding place of general philanthropy. Hence the idolatrous adulation poured out at the shrine of this kind of valor; and hence the ambition of men to signalize themselves in the battle field. This ambition frequently rises to such a height as to overcome a constitutionally timid spirit and thrust a naturally coward heart into the arena of battling hosts, where death is launching his darts in every direction. A country's gratitude, the breath of popular applause, the fame to be transmitted and the present substantial gauds, paid down, in dollars, with here and there the addition of what is termed patriotism, constitute the motive stimuli.

The courage necessary to enable one to brave the dangers of the ocean and of sickly climates, is stimulated by the hope of gain, which is the motive principle in all who are under the influence of avarice, that most baneful of all the passions which deprave the hearts of our countrymen, and induce them to make robbers of themselves and slaves of each other.

The moral hero is the man who is prompted to action by his honest convictions of right and wrong, without regard to popular applause or censure. It is he who, when the professional duelist challenges him to mortal combat, dares to say: The life which I possess was given me for a better purpose than to stake it against one so worthless as yours. If you attack me you shall see that I am not wanting in true courage; but I will neither take your life deliberately, nor put mine up for your target. It is he who, being convinced of truth, whether in science, politics, morals or religion, dares to embrace and defend it, though the universal tongue of detraction and derision be let loose upon it, and the finger of scorn point at it from every direction. It is he who follows the guidance of conviction and conscience, whithersoever they lead, without consulting avarice or ambition, or quailing before religious bigotry or the denunciations of superstition and ignorance. This, of all heroisms, is the most truly heroic, the most elevating to the soul, the most consonant with all the principles of truth and righteousness, and the most acceptable to Heaven.

As a case in point, we beg to call the readers' attention to an article which we insert below, from the columns of the *Saratoga Republican*, whose editor—THOMAS G. YOUNG, Esq., has lived up to the present time a confessed skeptic in relation to a spiritual existence after the death of the physical form. In this category he has been so far from being isolated, that nine-tenths of the human family have stood with him in all but the moral courage to avow the truth of their skepticism; as he did. Mr. YOUNG is the son of a proverbially honest man—the late SAMUEL YOUNG, who was much honored by the people with posts of high trust, but more honoring them by the eminent ability and uncompromising fidelity with which he ever discharged all duties which devolved upon him. Let it not be said that this tribute to the memory of a good man is out of place; for we hold it as an indispensable duty to speak well of those who do well, on all incidental occasions.

Like all honest skeptics, Mr. Y. held his mind constantly open to the influx of truth. He had nothing to keep the truth out, and he suffered no prejudice to block up the passage. He read of the evidences of immortality, as presented in the spiritual phenomena; and although he could not believe what he read, he determined to put himself in the way of conviction, that he might be profited by it if it should prove to be true. The result will appear in the bold and manly avowal in the article alluded to, which was preceded in his paper, by an article of ours under the head of "A Time with the Spirits."

The reader will perceive that Mr. YOUNG, after having given himself plenty of time to revolve all the circumstances in his mind and consider them dispassionately, was firmly convinced that the manifestations which he witnessed were the doings of spirits who had inhabited human forms on earth. What is the consequence? The consequence is that a soul—a generous soul—an intelligent soul, which up to that time had considered itself a mere spark of thought, to be extinguished at some early moment in the proximate future, never to shine again, now receives, as it were, the gift of eternal life and ever increasing happiness!

What a boon has this man received! The eyelids which skepticism had kept closed against the reality of a spiritual existence, from early youth to ripe manhood and mature age, have been unsealed by the spiritual phenomena; and what he has received is valuable to him beyond comparison or human conception. This is a sample of the good which *Spiritualism* is doing. Hear him:

"Upon reading the foregoing, in one of our exchanges, the *Age of Progress*, of the 20th ult., an excellent paper devoted to the discussion of Spiritualism, &c., published at Buffalo, N. Y., STEPHEN ALBRO, editor and publisher, we determined if possible, to visit Buffalo for the purpose of having ocular and oral proof of the occurrence of the wonderful phenomena related above. Upon addressing Mr. ALBRO, we ascertained that it would be agreeable to

the circle interested, to have us visit Buffalo; and Saturday evening last, was appointed as the time when we should be present, to continue those investigations upon this subject which we have from time to time been making the past two years, but which had failed to produce in our mind the least conviction of the truth of Spiritualism.

We should here state, that the article above given from the *Age of Progress*, is from the pen of its editor, who is himself a medium.

We will now relate as succinctly as possible, what occurred on Saturday evening last, in our presence at the house of Mr. Brooks, reserving all comments for another occasion, confining ourselves strictly to facts, premising here, that to the truth of every occurrence related below as having transpired, we are willing to testify in any court of justice.

In addition to the regular circle, consisting of six gentlemen and Miss Brooks, with two younger sisters, there were present, myself and one other person. We reached the residence of Mr. Brooks about half-past six o'clock in the evening. We found, in the room where the circle met, a piano, guitar, two tamborines, an ordinary sized dinner table, a tin horn, about two feet in length, with chairs, a dining table and other furniture.

The first thing that transpired, was the turning of the Piano around with its back to the room and its front directly against the wall. This was done by the direction of the spirits, that we might be convinced that there was no mortal capable of playing upon the instrument as neither the notes nor pedal could be used by a human being while it was in that position. Moreover, there was not a person in the room who could play on a piano, with the exception of a young gentleman who could execute indifferently a couple of tunes. Of course, this fact we have to receive from those present, every one of whom we believe to be in the highest degree truthful. After the piano was thus disposed of, it was announced through the raps, that the room was too warm, and the fire must be put out, also that the light must be placed in another room. (We will, on another occasion, give the reasons why heat and light retard in a very great measure, though they cannot entirely prevent, the phenomena.) These two requests having been complied with, a call was made by the spirits (through the raps), for the singing of the so-called Coronation hymn, the first line of which we believe reads as follows:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

During the singing, the piano commenced beating time by the raising of one end of the instrument from the floor. The time was beaten perfectly.

We cannot attempt to give what transpired in order, as we find it impossible, and must therefore relate the facts without regard to precedence of occurrence. One of the gentlemen had a flute, and upon his playing upon it, he was accompanied by the piano. Another gentleman sang, and the piano accompanied him in a most masterly manner. Hail Columbia, and many other tunes were played upon the piano in a style we had never before heard equalled; the pedals and keys being used in some of the waltzes, &c., with masterly skill and rapidity of movement. The saving of wood, the dropping of the stick, the filing of a saw, &c., were given in a most natural and inimitable manner. We should here remark, that during the entire evening, every person in the room, (save Miss Brooks and Mr. Edwin Lowell, the mediums, who stood one at each end of the piano) sat in the same row with ourselves, across the room from the piano and the table, under which were placed the musical instruments heretofore mentioned.

On two occasions, the piano, the guitar, and the tamborine were playing in tune at the same time, while the dinner table and table were beating time. Mr. Lowell and Miss Brooks, singing, while the rest of us remained seated, part joining in singing. When a tune was called for by the spirits, to be played on the flute, or sung, on request, the tune was pitched upon the piano by the spirit or spirits, and when told it was too high, it would be pitched lower, and vice versa, until it was correct, when the singing and flute playing would commence, the piano accompanying in a most able manner. We heard some fifteen or twenty tunes played upon the piano in a most masterly style, some accompanied by the beating of time by the table, some by the keeping of time by the bell, some accompanied by the guitar, others by the tamborine or tamborines and on two or three occasions all the instruments playing at once. The instruments, excepting, of course, the piano, were taken from the floor, elevated in the room near the ceiling, and thus played upon, being at times returned to the table, on the piano, or on the floor. All these things transpired while every human being in the room remained in the position which they assumed on the commencement of the demonstrations.

At one time, while the circle were singing; the piano playing, accompanied by the other musical instruments, the floor vibrated, and the house trembled as if a score of people were dancing to time in the room. The trumpet was used on two occasions, being taken from under, or off the table, which stood originally in one of the corners of the room farthest removed from where all were sitting, and held in the centre of the room near the ceiling directly in front of where we sat. The names of a number of those present were given through the trumpet quite distinctly, while, upon its being remarked by one of us, near the close, that we should, if possible, again avail ourselves of their companionship, "good," "good," "good," three times was given in reply. Upon the table, which by-the-by, was far from inanimate, beating time, dancing, removing from one part of the room to another, were placed paper and pencil, the paper being examined by myself and others, when we first entered the room, and

found to be entirely free from all writing. Just before the circle adjourned, it was announced that a communication was being written to us, the pencil and paper being heard at the time to be in motion. After the spirits had bid us "Good-bye," "Good-bye," twice, through the trumpet, which thereupon fell near our feet, the circle broke up. The communication addressed to us, and which may be seen at our office reads as follows:—

"My Friend Mr. Young.—Don't be more. Truth is ready to instruct you. Go home and publish these glad tidings. God is near. Good night all!"

That this was written by no human hand, we are as conscious and certain of, as we rejoice that we can now say, we are of our immortality.

We have thus given, very hastily, an imperfect sketch of what transpired in our presence last Saturday evening. Some incidents we may have omitted, but the main ones we have related. We flatter ourselves that where we are known, no one will accuse us of fabricating one jot or tittle of what we have related above. That we were "deceived," "mistaken," "laboring under an hallucination" &c., we expect to be charged with, as we are perfectly willing to be. But we stated at the commencement that we should make no comments all this time, and therefore present the foregoing to the consideration of our readers."

Arrival of the Steamship St. Louis.

This steamer arrived at New York at 8 o'clock on Thursday morning. Her news from the seat of war is unimportant as far as it has been made known. It is said that Nicholas is preparing to send an additional force of 300,000 men to the Crimea, and that the allies are preparing for a bloody campaign. The market for breadstuffs and provisions seems to be slowly declining. Lord John Russell was to leave England in a few days, to attend the peace convention at Vienna, as British plenipotentiary.

The St. Louis brings one piece of intelligence which is highly acceptable to every honest American citizen, and one piece of flesh and blood and bones which is not quite so welcome. The first is the news that Hon. PIERRE SOULS has returned home in that ship, no more to disgrace the country by his mad-brained misrepresentation of the American government at a foreign court. The second is the physical organization of the same gentleman, returned per order of the administration. He is convinced—so report says—that Spain will not sell Cuba to him, either for himself or his master, General PIERCE, without having longer time to consider on it. Under all the circumstances, we think we can see greater wisdom in this gentleman's recall than in the act of sending him on a diplomatic mission. If he had been sent on a tour of discovery, in search of the lost ten tribes of Israel, not to return till he found them, it would have been good policy enough; but it was one of PIERCE's own evidences of sagacity to send such an "Alibi's dream" to negotiate for any other island than that of which the renowned Sancho was to have been Governor.

Curious Case of "Psychometrical" Dreaming.

We were informed of the following by our friend Dr. F. of Brooklyn, who received the facts from an authentic source: Several years ago, during a severe winter, the Schuylkill River at Philadelphia became thickly bridged over with ice, and thousands of persons resorted thither for the exercise of skating, sliding, etc. Some persons in order to make an honest penny by the amusement of the throng, had sunk a post through the ice and attached a horizontal revolving shaft to a pivot on its upper end. To the end of this shaft a sled was attached by a rope, which, by pushing the shaft, might be made to revolve rapidly in a circle upon the ice, with persons upon it. Among the persons who got upon the sled was a negro, and the persons in charge of the shaft caused it to revolve so rapidly that the negro was thrown outward by the centrifugal force, and striking violently against a projecting piece of ice, he was instantly killed. This occurrence was witnessed by a physician, a friend of my informant, who happened to be present. On the evening of that same day, this physician had occasion to prepare a dose of pills to send to one of his patients, a lady extremely susceptible to magnetic influences. As he was mixing the ingredients of the pills, and rolling them in his fingers to their proper shape, he related to the persons in his office the particulars of the fatal occurrence he had witnessed on the river during the day. The pills were afterward dispatched by a messenger to the lady for whom they were intended. The next day the physician saw one of the lady's family, and inquired concerning her health. It was answered that she was doing tolerably well, but that she had had a singular and vivid dream the night previous. She dreamed that she was somewhere on the ice where there were a great many persons skating and sliding, and that she had there seen a negro thrown from a revolving sled against a cake of ice, and instantly killed!

As the lady had not heard of the accident on the river, her dream was evidently the result of the doctor's mind magnetically impressing upon the pills. The case presents a suggestion not only important in a philosophical point of view, but which, in particular cases, may be made eminently practical.—*Spiritual Tel.*

Be Not Diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the silly world may make upon you—your censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.—*Epictetus.*

The severity of the weather is relaxing a little.

Slaying the Monster.

We find the following in the *Spiritual Telegraph*.

Rev. J. Boyden, Jr., in the *Christian Freeman* of 9th inst., communicates the result of Dr. Gilbert's treatment of cancer, in a case which has just come under his observation.

The Doctor, in his peculiar way, is more formidable than all the armies of the allied powers; he never stops to negotiate with the enemy, either for peace or the balance of power, but takes him by storm and cleanses the citadel polluted by his presence. We extract the following from the *Freeman*.

Col. Consider Southworth, one of your subscribers in Stoughton, about eighty years old, had a cancer on the lower lip. He had been suffering from it some three years, and his general health had become seriously impaired. It had extended about three fourths of the way across the lip, had in one place eaten full one fourth of an inch inward and half an inch downward. While in this condition, a neighbor called attention to an article in the *New York Advocate and Journal*, in which the editor, Dr. Bond (formerly a practicing physician), candidly stated, that against his long-settled purpose concerning quackery, he had been induced to test the claims of Dr. Gilbert by visiting his room, seeing his patients, etc. The result of the examination was, the conviction in Dr. B.'s mind that Dr. G. did cure cancer; and he made the acknowledgment honorably in his paper.

The family of Col. S. desired me to visit New York and make the necessary inquiries. I did so in September last, while on my way to our General Convention; and in Philadelphia, as well as New York, I found most flattering testimonials of the Doctor's skill. Col. S. placed himself in a few days under treatment, and in about six weeks from the time of his departure he returned to his family with his lip entirely healed, and his whole system rejuvenated. Symptoms of cancer in other parts of the body have disappeared, and so far as I can judge, the cure is complete. Gratitude to that kind Providence which scatters blessings in countless forms, and to the Doctor who has been the instrument of such great good to my aged friend, leads me to bear this testimony to his remarkable skill. His office is at 443 Broadway.

Truly yours, J. BOYDEN, JR.
P. S. Stoughton, Jan. 15th, 1885.—I certify that the above is a true account of my disease, and of its treatment by Dr. Gilbert.

CONSIDER SOUTHWORTH.
This communication is also signed by the wife and children of Mr. Southworth—seven persons in all—who express their grateful appreciation of Dr. Gilbert's invaluable services.

The *Pittsburg American* says that the snow in St. Lawrence and Armstrong counties, Pa., is from ten to fifteen feet deep.

The address of Rev. Mr. HARRIS is necessarily postponed to next week.

GODFREY'S LADY'S BOOK for March, Putnam's Monthly for March, Illustrated London news of Feb. 10, and other late Publications are received at the Literary Depot in the Post Office.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra	per bbl.	\$10.50@11.00
" com. to good West."	"	9.00@9.50
" per sack	"	4.62@5.25
Buckwheat flour, per cwt.	"	4.50
Indian meal	"	1.75
Pork, new	"	\$13.50
" prime	"	11.00
Dressed hogs, per cwt.	"	\$5.00
Fish, white	"	8.25
" hlf "	"	4.25
Salt, fine	"	2.00
" coarse	"	2.35
" trout	"	8.00
" "	"	4.25
Eggs	per doz.	30 @ 35
Butter	per lb.	30 @ 35
Honey	"	13 @ 15
Cheese	"	\$6@10c
Blackberries, dried	"	10
Plums	"	12 1/2
Cherries	"	12 1/2 @ 15
Currents	"	65
Corn	per bush.	65 @ 67
Feed, mixed	"	1.00 @ 1.25
Clover	"	7.00
Timothy	"	2.75 @ 3.00
Oats	"	40 @ 42
Apples, dried	"	1.13
" green	"	50 @ 75
Potatoes	"	87 @ 100
Onions	"	75 @ 87
Dressed Chickens per lb.	"	10
" Turkeys "	"	10

CLAIRVOYANT PHYSICIAN.

JERIMIAH CARTER, of Laona, Chautauque County, well known to many of our citizens as an excellent Clairvoyant Physician, has made arrangements to spend a portion of each week in the city of Buffalo during the coming winter and has taken rooms at 53 Tupper st., between Delaware and Franklin, where he will be found on Thursday the 25th inst., ready to attend to all calls of the afflicted.

S. DUDLEY & SONS,

51 MAIN STREET.
THE Subscribers have on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, &c., many articles of which are expressly designed for STEAMBOATS, HOTELS, and FAMILIES. We invite the attention of those purchasing.

PLANISHED TABLE WARE.
To examine our stock, consisting of Coffee and Tea Urns, Sinks and Floor Sinks, Soap Turkeys, Dish Covers, &c., which we are constantly manufacturing in the most elegant style; and in beauty of finish unsurpassed by any other establishment in the United States.

We also have on hand an extra quality of LEATHER ROSES, of our own manufacture; also, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS, FORCE PUMPS, &c. We are, likewise, the sole agents in this city of H. K. WORTHINGTON'S Renowned

PATENT SAFETY PUMP AND FIRE ENGINE. We manufacture Railroad Lanterns, Signal Lamps for Steamboats, and a greatly improved COOK STOVE, designed expressly for Steamboats, Propellers and Hotels.

A large quantity and assortment of STRAW and WATTS GUAGES, and beautifully finished, GONG BELLS.

For Steamboats and Hotels, comprise part of our stock.

We are, likewise, prepared to execute any Order for STEAMBOAT, COPPER, TIN AND SHEET IRON WORK.

With our usual promptness and upon terms that give good satisfaction. S. DUDLEY & SONS, 57 Main street.

Extraordinary Spiritual Demonstrations.

The adjoined communication is from Capt. Ira Davenport, of our city police. Mr. D. is well-known by most of the principal citizens of Buffalo; and we believe his character for veracity stands unimpeached. He became a subscriber to *The Age of Progress* on account of its general reformatory principles, but not on account of its advocacy of the truth of the spiritual phenomena, for he was positively skeptical on that subject. On reading our recommendation that families should form circles within themselves, to investigate the subject, he collected the members of his family around the table, more to confirm himself in his skepticism than with any expectation of getting manifestations. We will now let him tell his own story:

FRIEND ALBRO.—According to the directions which I found in your paper, I formed a circle of my own family, and soon found that my oldest son, who is between 15 and 16 years old, was a medium in various ways. He sees spirits as plainly as he can see persons in the flesh. This is also the case with two others of my children. The eldest one, however, is the most powerful medium. I will give you a short history of the proceedings.

The sitting was held Feb. 14th. Those present were all my own family excepting one little boy, and all were children except three. We had been sitting forty minutes, when the table commenced moving, and we had manifestations of various kinds. This got out among my neighbors, and the second night my house was full of spectators. The demonstrations that evening were rappings on the floor and on the tables and answering questions which were asked by the company.

On the third night we had no visitors, and the communications which we received from our spirit friends were more convincing and satisfactory than they were before. On the fourth evening, the spirits took possession of my son's hand and wrote three communications in which circumstances were related which we knew to be true.

On the fifth night the circle sat at seven o'clock. The medium's hand commenced shaking and we handed him paper and a pencil, when he wrote that the light must be put in the next room. We removed it accordingly. In a few minutes the back door was opened by the spirits, and the medium, who, as I have said, is a lad 16 years old, was taken out of the room through the wood-house, and carried round to the front door. When he returned, he told us that he could see the spirit that carried him out.

On the sixth night, the circle sat at 7 o'clock, as usual. When we were seated, the spirits took the medium out of the chair and placed him upon the table. From this they took him up and bumped his head against the ceiling repeatedly, and then returned him to the table. When he was having his head bumped against the ceiling, there was no person in the flesh within eight feet of him. Having returned to his seat, the next demonstration was, the spirits set the medium on the table again and raised him, table and all, from the floor to the ceiling, no physical hands being in contact with it. After regaining the floor, and being about six feet from the table, he was suddenly carried and placed upon it and then carried all around the room on the table, without mortal contact. Besides these manifestations, the spirits punch, slap and otherwise handle all the members of the circle.

I give you this account because you invite such accounts from all those who witness them; and I give you my signature, which you are at liberty to use, because I have no fear for the sneers or ridicule of those who are faithless as I was, because I can prove all the principal facts by witnesses whose characters are too well established for veracity to be doubted."

IRA DAVENPORT.

We thank our friend, Capt. DAVENPORT, for his favor; and most heartily do we wish that all who witness these things possessed the same degree of moral courage that he does. We have, since receiving his communication, seen several gentlemen of the highest respectability, who have witnessed all these things at his house, and who more than corroborate his statement.

P. S.—[Let us give this postscript in the first person.] I received the above communication and had it put in type, on Thursday last. That evening, I went, by invitation, with three other gentlemen, to see if I could witness any of those extraordinary manifestations. We arrived at the house of Capt. DAVENPORT at a little after seven o'clock, and found the room pretty well filled with ladies, gentlemen and boys, of the immediate vicinity. When we entered, the principal medium spoken of in the communication above, was lying on the table, apparently in a sound mesmeric sleep. In this condition he continued for some fifteen minutes after our entrance. When he awoke he descended from the table and took his seat. He had not long occupied his chair before he was taken out of it and set upon the middle of the table, standing on his feet. I was invited to come and stand by the table and put my hand by his feet, so that I might know if he ascended to the ceiling, as spoken of above. I went and stood by the table, and, instead of putting my hand by the mediums feet, as directed, I took hold of the bottom of his pantaloons, holding

fast, that my hand might be carried up with him, if he went up. I had not held more than a minute or two when he went up suddenly that my hand broke; but I followed him with my hand and felt his feet dangling in the air. His head was bumped against the ceiling two or three times, and he descended, striking the table as if by the power by which he was suspended had been suddenly relaxed. This ascension and bumping were repeated, at different times, perhaps not less than twenty-five or thirty times. On one occasion, when the medium descended, he got off of the table and walked to another part of the room. The spirit snatched him from the floor, elevated him to the ceiling, bumped his head repeatedly, and then landed him on the table. Every time he was landed on the table, I attached my fingers firmly to the bottom of his pants, taking care that my hand did not slip after the first ascension.

The spirit who handled the medium that evening, represented himself to be, or to have been, a citizen of Canada West, of the name of Brown, resident about half a mile from Fort Erie. He says he was murdered by the outlaw, TOWNSEND, in a huckleberry swamp, some distance from his dwelling. He was followed by TOWNSEND, who knew that he had money. Somewhere in the middle of the swamp, which he was crossing to save distance, on his way home, TOWNSEND overtook him and demanded his money. He refused, and the murderer shot him with a pistol and then dived him. He says his body, which the murderer concealed in a deep hole, has never been discovered. Whether this is true or not, remains to be determined. To exemplify the manner of his death, he threw the medium on the table, went into agony, groaned and apparently died, thus re-enacting his death scene.

I asked the spirit if he would touch me, as I had been informed he had touched many others. He responded by taking my hat from my head and throwing it across the room. He then took me by the hair and pulled gently. I thanked him for those small favors and requested him to make himself as familiar with me as he pleased. He then grabbed me by the arm and gave me a very palpable gripe. The hand seemed to be a large and powerful one. I held my hand up and asked him to take hold of it. He touched it two or three times, but did not take full hold of it. He grasped my thumb and laid his hand on mine, but refused to shake hands in the usual manner. He slapped the medium's face repeatedly, and sometimes pretty smartly. I asked him to serve me, and he complied by slapping my face and head gently. I told him not to be delicate about it but to lay it on so that I should feel it pretty sensibly. He then gave me such a box on the ear as I have not received since childhood. I could hear its reverberation on the tympanum for a minute afterward. I was then satisfied with the palpability of the spiritual salutation; but it seems that he was not satisfied with giving me evidences of his presence, for he touched me at various points, slapped me on the head, clatched my neck, put his hand on my temples and forehead, took my hat off as often as I put it on; and when I asked him to return it to my head, he put it on the one of the boys at the table, and then on the head of a lady who sat next to where I stood.

There was another rather singular manifestation. Three raps were heard on the door through which egress is had to the back yard. The door was opened, but no tangible body entered. Again other three raps were heard, and on opening the door, the same Mr. nobody—to the physical vision—presented himself. These raps and openings of the door occurred some ten or twelve times; but there was a real advent at each opening. The boys at the table, saw spirits enter at all these openings; and I saw several enter, among whom was the spirit of one well known to me.

At intervals between these manifestations, the spirit was asked questions, to which he would respond by rocking the table. He was asked if he would not like to have his widow present, that he might converse with her thro' the medium; to which he responded in the affirmative with such emphasis that I thought he would knock the table to pieces. I took hold of the table, on one of these occasions, to see if I could stop it; but it was as impossible as it would have been to stop the piston of a steam engine. My strength was as that of a baby, compared to the power which was exerted.

The concluding part of the performance was with a violin which was laid upon the table. The spirit did not attempt to produce any music on it. He twanged the only two remaining strings, and then used it as a kind of bat to hit people with, taking care not to do any injury. I pulled my hat as far as it would go down upon my head, whereupon, he took the violin by the head, using the body part to knock my hat off with. He made five efforts before he succeeded. But the last one was such a knock as would have felled me if it had struck my head instead of my hat.

One of the gentlemen in company with me, observed that he had not been saluted by the spirit. I then asked Mr. Brown if he would not give that gentleman a thump over the head with the fiddle. He responded affirmatively, by laying it on with no little emphasis. Another gentleman who went with me, was touched and slapped, and had his hat removed repeatedly.

Whilst I was standing by the table, witnessing what was done, and receiving the numerous salutations of the spirits, I was situated so that I knew that no person present could do any of those things. On my right hand were one boy—the medium—when in his seat, and some females. On my left, were the little brothers of the principal medium; and in the rear were the gentlemen who accompanied me. Hence, I

knew that what was done to me, was not done in deception. Then, again, no one in the room could have laid so heavy a hand on my head as was laid on it on one occasion. The hand seemed to be a very large one, and I distinctly felt the pressure of every finger and the thumb, bearing with as much weight as I desired to stand under. The hand was evidently spread to its utmost capacity, for it had the whole top of my head in its grasp.

There was another spirit present besides that purporting to be Brown, who called himself Napoleon Bonaparte. He made himself almost as familiar as Brown did. Undeveloped spirits like to assume great names, and the best way to get along with them is to call them by their assumed names, without expressing any doubt of their identity.

That these things are very strange, I am ready to admit; but I have made no statement that I will not testify to, nor any that I cannot substantiate by corroborative testimony.

Lecture No. 7.—By Edgar C. Dayton.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

In reply to "T. M. F." in our last number.

Every scientific subject is worthy of elucidation reasoning and a calm deliberation; but there are some minds who reject philosophical productions, not so much because they cannot digest the truths therein contained, but because they feel a desire to crush all scientific religious opinion coming in positive antagonism with their theory; and they seem to plume themselves more upon words than science. Freedom of thought I love, and with a mind invigorated by science and logic, do I give, have I given, and shall I continue to give you the lectures received and to be received by you. I have no desire to degrade myself into the selfishness of individual opinion, nor have I an ambition to achieve fame; but I do desire to give to man such truths as will testify of noble origin. Then, shall I stand back because one mind ridicules my philosophy and reproaches my belief or theory. No, were my form vulnerable to man, and did ten thousand burst in fury upon me, my mind should be shielded by truth! Were all the bayonets of theology pointed at me, and did the sword of oppression glisten above my head, my mind should still be shielded by honor, and still breathe of the patriot's hopes and the true reformer's ambition. My friend has replied to my theory of God, and thinks it has "fallen like the baseless fabric of a vision." That God progresses and constantly unfolds new organizations, constituted of matter emanating from His own organization, no scientific reasoner will deny. My friend asserts that now is all the time that God knows. That to Him there is no past or future, but to man there is time and space, the past and the future. This, to me, does not harmonize. This idea disrobes God of the attribute of comprehension. That God is not competent to comprehend all matter, mind, time and space, I do not digest all. If now implies the present, the past cannot be the present, nor can the future be the present, to God or man. We may look through the organization of nature and we discover new creations coming into existence, geological formations springing forth from inanimate matter, and these refining through their various chemical processes and progressions, and finally culminating into man. In ten thousand years from these creations, will they be in the same crude condition as when in their primary state or origin? I answer not; that progression will have ultimately led them into intelligent beings. Then I ask at the primeval state of new creations, will now, implying the present, be now to God ten thousand years hence? Will God forget the past in comprehending the present, or now? I answer, there is a past and a future, as well as a present, to God. I believe God comprehends everything, the past and future included.

Let us take the mechanism and spiritual intelligence of man. We know that there are laws by which his organization was created, and that these laws give to his mind and constitution vital actions and specific functions which move and harmonize the vital substances of organic life. Progression is the flower of development. We behold the infant form developed into the manly structure. We behold the infant germ unfolded and developed into an active and scientific mind, whose faculties, open to truth and perception, trace the deep science and philosophy of nature. There is a relation from the lowest and most imperfect matter to the highest principles of our Supreme Father; nor can there exist any opposition or positive antagonism that can crush this indestructible law. If man progresses, do not the same laws that control his being, have their relation to the organization of God? or does He have laws distinct from those that develop the mind of man, and confine Himself to these alone? There can be no structural laws or developments, unless the cause of these developments contain the structural principle within its own nature. In the unfoldings of creation we behold the formative principle, the principle which governs the order or primary arrangement of particles and substances, and the elements of the forms and structures of creation.

I did not say perfection was not an attribute of Deity. I only expressed my belief. To do this I have a just right. No true intellect, no logical mind, no philosophical researcher, no one that has the attribute of generosity developed, will ridicule or criticize another man's belief because it comes in conflict with his opinion. I acknowledge my incapability to comprehend God; but I think I do not flatter myself when I say that my capacities for investigating this divine subject, exceeds that of my objector. My friend says that God is, always was, and ever will be. Seeing that he has taken the responsibility to reply to my belief

of God—not his own, I ask him, as a scientific man, to prove to me that God is, always was, and ever will be. I have proof to myself of God; but he concludes that my theory must fall "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" and I want his evidence, his absolute proof, that God does not progress, and that He was not produced by matter. Prove to me the foundation upon which your faith is based. Tell me what laws control the mighty creations that constitute the planetary system, and what laws develop them? Tell me what principles produce the silent and harmonious action that moves the countless worlds, which at night are seen by the physical vision, and why they appear so bright and magnificent at night? Is there not a corresponding analogy between the numerous effects which the cause develops? Is there not an analogy between the laws that control the organization of God, and those that govern the soul of man? Is there not a harmonious motive principle manifested throughout the entire construction of nature, which is sufficient evidence of the progression of the Eternal Mind—which proves that God is the grand and inexhaustible source of life, wisdom and truth? The primitive demonstrations of God, were structural or anatomical—Did He create your rudimentary sphere, the mighty worlds in the heavens, and man the at same time? Why did He not? If He does not progress, His power was the same then as now. Why are mineral, vegetable and animal creations continually increasing in civilization and perfection? Why are new worlds being formed and brought into existence more perfectly constructed? Why is human intelligence so much more developed than in the ages of barbarism, when the pagan had his artificial God? Because progression has developed the germ of intellectual growth, and man will not accede to a theory that has no foundation upon which he can base his contemplations and reasonings. Who established this law of progression? To whom does it belong? To the great mind of all minds? Then, if God gives man this law, must it not be a part of Himself? We know that God must progress, for it is He that is constantly unfolding new and grand creations, each containing a germ, the ultimate essence and principles of which are openly manifested by their natural functions and structural formation. Is it unreasonable to suppose that God progresses and can attain a higher degree of perfection than He now occupies? Is it unphilosophical to suppose that God, if He progresses, was the first product of the creative principle inherent in the most sublimated atoms of matter? Is it infidelity to express your belief of the laws of God, of His constitution and power, and to contrast your present belief with early conceived opinions? Does my reasoning prove that I am a spirit whose purpose it is to make my belief the cause of contention and discord? No, this style of philosophy must also "fall like the baseless fabric of a vision."

Again, it is attested by my friendly opponent, that a progressive God cannot arrange, organize and bring into existence the vast creations that do exist, and that such a God is not competent to grasp and control the mighty laws that govern these creations. Upon my friend's same principle, let us conclude that man, because he is a progressive being, is no more capable of acting and controlling his own affairs than the lowest order of the animal creation. Then, it seems that progression is an injury to man and creation, instead of being a benefit. That it disrobes nature of its beauty and magnificence, instead of unfolding still higher principles. This philosophy I will not call baseless, for I do not use such terms of expression; but I must say, I cannot comprehend it; consequently, to me, it is false. Progression is the vital action of development. An object cannot develop without progression. Progression and development produce refinement. Progression has developed man as an intelligent, philosophical being, free to think and free to act. Progression is constantly unfolding and throwing from the organization, matter which goes to constitute new creations, now hidden from the material sense.

Progression clothes God with a nobler power and more magnificent glory than is given Him by my friend. Progression is an important and specific function in the organism of Deity. It is a principle of vitality permeating and actuating every particle of matter in the immensity of infinitude. Shall I shrink from my belief because another man says it is false? No; my soul shall go out and expand before the light of truth; and I shall strive to comprehend the indellible attributes of my own nature and those of my God. The system and creation of infinitude, the laws of God, and the truths of nature, shall be my study. The fountain of all knowledge will shed its influence over all. I shall push boldly forward and onward in the progressive circles of development, until my spirit shall blend with higher comprehensions, my faculties be unfolded and my ultimate destination become realized. As I traverse through eternity onward course, I will study deeply and strive to learn more of the great eternal Cause who comprehends all things.

EDGAR C. DAYTON.

The two lectures by the Spirits of S. R. SMITH and E. C. DAYTON, were received by Miss BROOKS alone, so that they could not have been "the reflex" of any mind but her own; and such philosophy can hardly be thought to emanate from a source where it does not exist.

The Success of the Flax Cultivation on the lands of Mr. Ochoe, M. P., has enabled the Cork board of guardians to remove fifty young women from the workhouse into active employment.

Lecture No. 9.—By Stephen B. Smith. DOES MAN ALWAYS RETAIN HIS IDENTITY.

There are some minds so constituted that, to their understanding, skepticism seems a science. The skepticism of the immortality of the soul comes nearest the heart. It assends the thoughtful mind and clouds the noblest brow. It destroys future aspirations and blends with the material existence. But beneath this there is a fount from which swell forth transparent waters, which moisten this hard belief and carry human thought to the investigation of the origin of human nature, to learn from science and philosophy that man eternally retains his individuality. There exist two relations of man; one to the universe he inhabits, and the other to the spirit world. He holds his relation to the physical form, as external, and holds his intimate and eternal relation to the laws, elements and principles of Deity. Man is a creature of dependence. He is dependent upon the laws of God and the elements of nature. If man were not dependent upon these laws, he would be qualified to select from the organization of matter his own organic powers and mental construction. The soul of man is immortal and eternally exists. Aspiration is the noblest modification and tendency of the ever-living soul. It defines the principles of immortal progress, and unfolds to man the expansion and refinement of mind and matter. The soul never loses its identity; and though it constantly develops into higher conceptions, and continually ejects its least refined atoms of matter, it still retains its identity in the unbounded universe of God. Man is an image or an imitation of the divine mind, being harmoniously brought into individual conjunction with the laws of a spiritual and celestial existence. His spheres of action are, first, the harmonious manifestations of wisdom, which he inculcates by those natural lessons which prove the direction and civilization of the innate elements of the soul; and, second, the harmonious individuality of the human spirit, when disorganized from the physical form. Harmony is the noblest attribute of the mental organization. It pervades the faculties and elements of the soul, and is the ultimate form of the mind. The study of the mental laws, the anatomical motions and the physiological functions, are the first studies of the immortal mind. The endowments and instincts of the soul are awakened by these essential studies, and the soul's real genius is made manifest. They touch the tender chords of sympathy with new feelings and language, and the soul goes out towards all in universal love. There is existing a harmony from the lowest organization to the principles of Deity. All objects are impregnated with the eternal spirit, from the inert stone and mineral composition, to the organization of life, motion and intelligence. There is nothing which exhibits life or animation, without its legitimate functions; and in the anatomical operations of bodies, they perform their proper offices, the cause of which must be traced to the principles of Deity. The principles of organic life are incarnated into the countless creations and forms of matter, and they have their perpetuation in the length and breadth of eternity. There must be a cause of the beauties and glories of nature; a cause of the constant demonstrations of development and refinement. There must be a cause of organic life and animal heat, or calorification, and of chemical and geological formations. There must be a cause of the intelligence of man and of the vital principle that creates and perfects his faculties, unfolding new embodiments of refined matter, and which produces the anatomical and physiological harmony in the constitution of man. There must be a cause of the vast multitude of chemical and mechanical operations going on in the departments of all creations. What and where is this mighty cause? The movements and constructions of nature, the existence and intelligence of man, must be produced by a first vital principle. The rudimentary manifestations of the material existence, the immutable principles of nature, prove that there is a constitutional process of infinite causes operating upon the physical and spiritual being. Progression, development and refinement belong to all forms and minds. The human soul is continually unfolding and rising higher in the scientific scale. Profound minds are coming forward, endeavoring to erect a grand philosophical standard that will harmonize science and theology with the spiritual unfoldings of the human mind. Intellectuals are now analyzing the origin of every theological system, to determine its influence upon the human character.

Let man meditate upon the harmonious and united actions of creation, and he will find that with a perpetual and undeviating tendency, each atom and particle of matter constituting all creations, proceeds to its destined object, there to be ultimately into higher refinements, eventually producing grand and sublime effects. Meditate upon the soul-expanding and soul-developing thoughts created within your own mind, and gaze upon the formations and creations of the laws which produce these constructions; gaze upon the glorious manifestations of universal nature, and you will behold an index of your own nature and a prototype of your Heavenly Father. Where is the human heart that would entomb or confine the form and soul of a loved one in the dark sepulchre called the grave? Ah! there are those who lay the form of their affections in the silent tomb, feeling that the spirit must sleep and decay with the body; and when they plant the little flower upon that grave, as a memento of departed merit, the warm tear steals down the cheek, the human heart feels the hand of grief working at its vitals. But there are those who can look and smile upon the vacated form, for hope hath spoken of a reunion in that bright

and glorious world. Oh! doubting one, cold and inanimate mass, be thy spirit if thou canst not see in nature thy own immortality. Yes the soul is immortal, and in the realms of the eternal world, soul shall unite with soul, but identities shall never be merged.

YOURS TRULY,

STEPHEN B. SMITH.

To Correspondents.

"JUSTICE" is wrong in requesting us to publish his (or her) "first effort." First efforts are generally too crude for publication, especially poetical efforts. If the writer kept a copy, it will be well to re-read it and try to find out who or what the flower appeals to, when it says:

"Within thy leaves I humbly crave
A lonely, silent spot."

The author will please to bear in mind, that editors have a right to the confidence of their correspondents. The full and real name of every correspondent must be confided to the editor, who is bound in honor to respect the confidence reposed in him.

Please never again ask us if we think a thing is true which we insert for a fact as coming under our own observation. Does our correspondent think we would state a fact which we had witnessed, and then tell him or her that we did not believe the fact thus asserted to be true? Just look at the inconsistency—not to call it folly—of such a question!

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141

O, What a Loss!

The man whose powers of intellect and whose profundity of knowledge are but faintly shadowed in the extract below, is the one who was wantonly sacrificed and thrown away by the corrupt, rotten-hearted and mad-headed nullifiers and propagandists of Missouri. This great man, whose mind is the most powerful one now actively engaged in the affairs of the nation, and who should be at the head of the national government, is standing, and must continue to stand, in the back ground, whilst such time-servers as FRANKLIN PIERCE, without either ability or honesty, are elevated to the highest post of honor. What a shame to a nation professing such wondrous refinement!

The Pacific Railroad and the East Indian Trade.

The following is the concluding portion of a speech made by Col. Benton, in the House of Representatives, on the 16 inst., on the subject of the Pacific Railroad. It is an interesting sketch of the various channels by which the trade with the East Indies has been conducted in past ages, and will repay a perusal:

"I do not expatiate upon the home advantages of a railway to the Pacific; it has become a necessity, the urgency of which is universally admitted. I enforce another advantage, not so immediate, but obvious to the thinking mind, and important to America, Europe, and Asia; and which, in changing a channel of rich commerce, may have its effect upon the wealth and power of nations, and operate a change in the maritime branch of national wars. I allude to the East India trade, (already incidentally touched upon), and the change of its channel from the water to the land; and the effect of that change in nullifying the maritime supremacy of naval powers, by making continents instead of oceans the great theaters of international commerce. No events in the history of nations have had a greater effect on the relative wealth and power of nations than the changes which have been going on for near three thousand years in the channels of Asiatic commerce. During that time, nations have arisen and fallen, as they possessed or lost that commerce. Events announce the forthcoming of a new change. The land becoming a facility and the ocean an obstacle to foreign trade, must have an effect upon Europe, coterminous upon Asia, and upon America, separated from it by a western sea over which no European power can dominate. I confine myself to the American branch of the question, and glance at the past to get an insight into the future. I look to former channels of this Asiatic commerce, their changes, the effects of the changes; and infer from what has been, what may be from what is, to what will be.

1. The Phœnician route.—Tyre, queen of cities, was its emporium. The commerce of the East centered there before the captivity of the Jews, in Babylon, upwards of six hundred years before the coming of Christ. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, conquered Tyre and razed it to its foundations; but he was no statesman, merely a destroyer, and did not found a rival city, and the continuance of the India trade quickly restored the queen of cities to all her former degrees of preeminence and power. Alexander the Great conquered her again. He was a statesman, and knew how to build up as well as how to pull down, and looked to commerce for exalting and enriching that magnificent empire which his war genius was conquering. He founded a rival city on the coast of Egypt, better adapted to the trade; and the prophecy of Ezekiel became fulfilled on Tyre. She became a place for fishermen to dry their nets.

II. The Jewish Route.—In the time of Solomon and David, the Jews succeeded in the East India trade, made it a leading subject of their policy, and became rich and powerful upon it. Jerusalem rivalled Nineveh and Babylon; and Palmyra, a mere thoroughfare in their trade, in the midst of a desert, became the seat of power and opulence, of oriental magnificence, and the centre of the arts and sciences. The Jews lost that trade, and Jerusalem became as a widow in the wilderness, and Palmyra a den for foxes and Arabs.

III. The Alexandria route.—This was opened by Alexander the Great, its course along the canal of Alexander to the Nile, up that river to Coptus, thence across the desert with camels to the Red Sea, and down that sea to the neighboring coast of Asia and Africa—a route chosen with so much judgment that it made Alexandria and Egypt the seats of wealth, power, learning the arts and sciences, and continued to be the channel of trade for a period of eighteen hundred years—from three hundred years before Christ to the close of the fifteenth—when the Portuguese discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope annihilated the Egyptian route, and transferred to Lisbon the glories of Alexandria. But not without a great contest. Solomon, the Magnificent, then Sultan of the Turkish Empire, fought the Portuguese for the dominion of routes—carried on long and bloody wars to break up the Cape of Good Hope route, assisted by the Venetians, because of their interest in the Egyptian route and menacing Christendom (this alliance of Christians according to the Abbe Raynal, is indorsed by the philosophic historian Robertson), with the "most liberal and humiliating servitude that ever oppressed polished nations." From this calamity Christendom was saved by the valor of the Portuguese and the talents of their renowned commander, Albuquerque; but the contest shows the value which all nations placed on the possession of this trade; and the reversed condition of Alexandria and Lisbon, of Egypt and Portugal, upon the defeat of the Turks and Venetians, shows that the value was not over-estimated.

IV. The Constantinopolitan Route.—This became fully established in the time of the Greek Empire, and during the two hundred years of the crusade interruption, and to which the enlightened part of the crusaders generally contributed; for, while a religious phrensy operated upon the masses, the extension of their trade with India was the systematic persevering and successful policy of all liberal and enlightened minds, availing themselves of that phrensy to promote and establish the commerce upon the possession of which the supremacy of nations depended. It was fully established and the long and tedious transit across the Black Sea to the mouth of the Passes, up that river to a portage of five days to the Cyrus, down that river to the Caspian Sea, across it to the mouth of the Oxus, up it nine hundred miles to Samarcand, (once Alexandria), the limit of Alexander's march to the northeast; and after this long travel an overland journey of ninety days on the Bactrian camel, to the confines of China commenced. Such was this extended route. Yet it was upon this route, so extended and perilous, that Europe was supplied with East India goods for several centuries—the profits of the trade being so great that after its arrival at Constantinople it could still come on to Italy, and even round to Bruges (Brussels) and to Antwerp. It was upon this route that the Genoese established their great commerce, gaining permanent establishments with great privileges at Constantinople, (its suburb, Pera), and in that Crimea, then resplendent with wealth, since impoverished, now the scene of bloody strife and of which the issue would be fortunate if it restored the Crimea to what it was when Caffa was as celebrated as Sebastopol is now, and celebrated for streams of commerce instead of streams of blood. But to this route of Constantinople the Cape of Good Hope passage became as fatal as it was to that of Alexandria.

V. The Ocean Route.—It has been the line of the East India trade since the close of the fifteenth century, and must have continued so forever if a marvel had not wrought and the land become the facility, the ocean the obstacle to commerce. All the powers that have land for distant communications must betake themselves to the steam car. Why contend with skill for the dominion of the sea, when both the ships and the sea are to be superseded? Take the case of Russia. She has been 150 years building up a navy—to become useless the first day it is wanted! Not only useless, but an incumbrance and a burden requiring impregnable forts, and vast armies, and murderous battles to protect and to save it—save it from going to swell the enemy's fleet and be turned against its builders. Why build any more ships when there is the land to carry commerce without protection to every part of Europe, and to Asia, and to America, (by Behring's straits), rendering inimical fleets inoperative and harmless? But I confine myself to our own commerce and our own land.—There is the road to India, (pointing west half the way on our own land, the rest on a peacable sea washing our shores, but separated from Europe by the whole diameter of the earth. Can we not cease warring over an odious subject of domestic contention, and go to work on the road which is to exalt us to the highest rank among nations, and make us mistress of the richest claden of commerce? Can we not cease contention, and seize the supreme prize which lies glittering before us? Make the road, and in its making make our America thoroughfare of Oriental commerce; throw back the Cape and the Horn routes to what Tyre became when Alexandria was founded, and what Alexandria became when the Cape of Good Hope was doubled—making Europe submissive and tributary to us for a transit upon our route, and dispensing us from the maintenance of the fleets which the ocean commerce demands for its protection.

Pass the substitute which I propose, and you have the opinion of men whose names are in it and whose opinions are worth attention, that these great and glorious consequences will ensue.

SINGULAR OPTICAL ILLUSION.—The Paris correspondent of the New York Times states that a gentleman living in Brussels, some what troubled by cataracts and spots in his eyes, rubbed them one night with a few drops of blood. In the morning the cataracts had gone but the whole outer face of the world had changed. His newspaper, which had been placed by his bedside, was composed of type so small that he could hardly decipher it. He rang the bell, and his stout serving wench had shrunk into a thin little girl of ten years. He got up in a great fright, and looked after his clothing—they were the garments of a child, but as his own limbs had diminished in proportion, he easily got into them. He found his wife and children at the table, the former a dwarf, and the latter a row of dolls. He hurried off to his physician; the horses he met looked like dogs, and dogs like rats. Everything was Lilliput and Cinderella.—Lotions were applied to the victim's eyes, and the next day Broddignac returned, bringing back the cataracts and spots. This phenomenon, called micropie, does not seem to have occurred more than half-a-dozen times, though it brought on by the employment of certain substances.

Knowledge will not be acquired without pains and application. It is troublesome and deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, they rise up and meet you.—Fulton.

Expense of Prosecutions.—The gross cost of all prosecutions in England and Wales, during the year 1853, amounted to £195,388-8s. 7d.

An Adventure at Sea.

It was somewhere near the middle of the ocean, on our homeward passage from Jamaica, that we fell in with the wreck of a vessel, and several poor souls clinging to the rigging.—The weather, for some days before, had been rough, with hard gales from the N. N. E., and our ship being heavily laden, we were much afraid that she would founder. For a time we gave ourselves up to despair, seeing nothing around us but certain death. We drove at the mercy of the tempest, without being able to set a stitch of sail, and we expected every moment that our masts would go by the board. Several large seas broke over us; one of which carried away a boy and two seamen, as well as our best boat, upon which we mainly relied for assistance, in case we had been forced to leave our vessel. When we were in the greatest extremity, however, and every one on board, like the seamen in the ship of Tarshish, was calling upon his God, the storm suddenly abated, and the wind, veering round to the S. W., blew a brisk and steady breeze.

After some days sail, the man at the mast-head, one evening, called out, "On deck there! Breakers ahead!" and the vessel, which was then going at the rate of ten knots an hour, was immediately brought to. The old seamen said that no breakers were known in that part of the ocean, and that they had sailed in that course twenty times, and had never seen any. The captain took his spy-glass, and going up into the fore-bridge, soon found that it was the hull of a vessel, half sunk, and part of a mast standing, which the man had mistaken for rocks. He looked sickly when he came down, and ordered us to proceed. As we approached the wreck, we observed the people upon it making signals to us with their hats and handkerchiefs; and the captain having gone below for a few minutes, the mate hoisted the English jack as a token that we had observed them; but the captain, when he came again upon deck, was angry with him for so doing, and ordered the jack to be instantly hauled down, at the same time telling the mate, that if he acted so again without orders, he would punish him for his presumption. Our captain was a hard man, and when he was out of humour carried it with a high hand both to his officers and crew.

When we came alongside the wreck, we discovered that the men, five in number, who were clinging to it, were pale and sickly, and seemed as if they had been some days in that situation. It is probable their vessel had suffered in the same tempest from which we ourselves had escaped. They stretched out their hands towards us, and seemed delighted with the prospect of deliverance; and one of them hailed us and told us they were from Quebec—that their vessel was timber-loaded—and that they were the only survivors of the crew. Our captain replied that he could not take them up, for we had already had a long voyage ourselves, and would soon be on a short allowance of provisions. "But some other vessels are behind," said he, "and will relieve you." The poor men then cried out earnestly, "O! for the love of God, do not leave us here. We have been waiting for nights and for days, but no ship has come near us, and we are dying of hunger and cold. Our shipmates are all dead, and buried in the waves, and we are alone and helpless on the wide ocean, and we have no one to comfort or save us. O! if ye be men and Christians, have mercy upon us, and do not leave us here!" His companions then raised their voices, and joined their entreaties to his so piteously, that every man in our ship shed tears of sympathy and commiseration except our unfeeling captain. He stood upon the quarter deck, and looked upon the poor supplicating wretches with coldness and indifference, sometimes humming a tune, and sometimes giving directions to his men, as if he saw not the scene of misery which lay before him. The mate then went up to him, and asked whether he would hoist out the boat, but the captain swore that he would not shorten sail, or hoist out his boat, to save all the lubbers that ever stepped between stem and stern. "By Heaven, Morris," said he, "we have mouths enough already, and we will not have a biscuit a day to each, by the time we make the Land's End." The mate, who was a humane man, and a Methodist, said, "We have received mercy ourselves from the Highest, and how can we deny it to others who are our fellow-creatures, and the beings of His hand? Let us save these unhappy men, for we ourselves may be saved in the time of need—for by what measure we mete, it shall be measured unto us again." But this only enraged the captain more. He cursed the mate for a canting scoundrel, and swore if he did not keep quiet, and mind his own business, he would have him started up with a rope's-end. The mate saw it was needless to remonstrate any longer—so he left him, and walked away.

It was mournful to hear the cries of the poor men, when they saw we were deserting them.—They cried out, and entreated mercy in such heart-rending accents of distress, as would have moved the compassion of a savage. Greatly did I regret that our crew did not then take command of the ship into their own hands, and rescue the sufferers—but such was our habitual reverence for our captain, and so much were we lost in astonishment at his strange and inhuman conduct, that we were utterly incapable, at that moment, of acting otherwise than in obedience to his will.

They continued to call after us till we were far past them, and their voices were lost in the whistling of the wind. I kept my eyes fixed upon the wreck, where my fellow-creatures were struggling for existence, till the intervening waves hid it from my sight.

The breeze now freshened, as the darkness of night approached, whereby we were obliged to close reef our mainsail and top-sails, in order

that we might be prepared for the worst. It was my turn at the helm that night, and my thoughts often wandered back to the poor wretches we had left behind, and I thought they must soon perish in the waves, for the sea was now running high and dangerous. The crew had all gone below, except the watch, who were on the fore-castle, looking out ahead, and managing the rigging. It was sometime past midnight, I think, when I heard the captain bawling as loud as he could, "About ship!" and at the same time he came running towards me, followed by the mate, and taking the wheel out of my hand, turned the ship's head round to the wind in a twinkling. "We must go back," said he to the mate, "and save these poor men on the wreck—I cannot sleep for thinking of them." The mate looked mournfully out to the sea—then shook his head—but remained silent.

As we had now a strong breeze in our teeth, and as our ship was deep, and did not lie near the wind, we went about for a good while and made but little of it. A clouded moon shone out upon the sea, and showed it heaving in a strange and tempestuous manner, so that we could not hope that the wreck would hold together for many hours. All this while, the captain walked recklessly about the deck, with his nightgown in his hand, frequently looking out ahead, and appearing to be in great agitation of mind.

"It is going of a fool's errand," said the boatswain, "to seek for these poor fellows.—Their last day's cruise is over! I'll warrant them, and all we can do for them now is to hope that they have got into snug and quiet berths aloft, in a better harbor than the one they have left here." "Amen!" said the mate. The captain turned away from them, and his foot struck hard against the deck, as he paced it irregularly fore and aft.

It was noon next day ere we reached the place where we conjectured the wreck had been, but not a vestige of it remained. The air was now clear, and the sea stretched far and wide, but nothing was to be seen to indicate either that the unhappy sufferers still existed, or that they had been entombed in the waves. The mate and some of the more experienced seamen advised that we should forthwith proceed on our own voyage, as it was impossible that the wreck could have outlived the tempest of the night; but the captain was now as anxious to save the lives of these poor men, as he had before been averse to it. His conscience seemed to reproach him for his inhumanity, and he seemed to feel that he would one day be made to account for the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, which he had refused to compassionate. Even when he acknowledged that there was no hope of meeting with the wreck, still he persisted in the search, and a considerable time was spent before he consented to quit the spot. We beat about several days, but at length we were obliged, with heavy hearts, to stretch away on our course.

The captain, during the rest of our voyage, seemed much disturbed in his mind. Sometimes he was observed to steal out of his cabin at night, and stand at the bows of the vessel, as if watching for a sail, till morning.

After we had arrived in port and discharged our cargo, I quitted the ship, so did the whole of my comrades—for we liked not to sail any longer with our captain. He, however, in a short time set out again for Jamaica—but he was never afterwards heard of.

Whatever may have been his fate, it is certain that he never reached the end of his voyage.

Life.

Three score and ten years! How infinitesimal a sum in the great aggregate of the world's history, how imperceptible in the fearful thought of eternity. And yet very few seem to have a conception of the littleness of life. We crowd, we jostle, we smite one another, toiling on with bruised hearts to the great precipice of death, over which we disappear, and are lost to the world forever. The graves of our fathers are the battle-grounds where we struggle with our brethren; and our graves will in turn be the battle-grounds of those who follow us. And this is the use of life.

Three score and ten years! Is there ought to accomplish in this period? To-day is with us—can it be done to-day? Shall we rise from our pillow this morn and go forth for no purpose? or shall we, as we cross our threshold, smite the first living being whom we meet, thrust him from our path, or tread upon his neck? Is it worth consideration?

Shall we hate our neighbor to-day? Shall we over-reach him—slander him—wound his soul—lie to him—tempt him to crime? Is this the use of to-day—to-morrow—three score and ten years? The use of life? O, what an eternity is measured in seventy years well spent. And even the little fraction which we call to-day, what an age does it present for the true use of life. This moment we may cherish a kind, fraternal thought. This hour we may behold that thought ripen into a blessed action. A smile upon our face may gladden, like sunlight, the heart of a weary passer-by. We may wipe away the bitter tear from a sorrowing eye, we are an hour older. We may lift the wretched from their fallen state—strengthen the weak—revive the despairing—solace the bereaved; and all within the compass of a little day. Ah, indeed, this is the use of life. Among the Scotch peasantry there is a story told of a rich man—an arrogant, selfish man—whose life was one long scene of selfishness. He was an oppressor of the poor, a hater of his fellow-men, and devoted only to his own pride and pleasure. But one day, as he walked along the street, he saw a dog lying in the gutter—a miserable, mangy cur, dying with disease and star-

vation, too feeble to move from the spot where he writhed. And the proud, selfish man, scarcely thinking of what he was doing, kicked a bone which lay in his path towards the starving cur, and went on his way. Well, as the story goes, the man died, and passed to perdition. His manifold crimes doomed him to everlasting punishment. But the foot which had kicked a bone to a helpless dog, was not permitted to suffer in eternal fire; it was thrust forth unscathed, while the rest of the body was plunged in hell. The foot had been the instrument of the only good deed which the sinner had ever performed.

Beautiful is the moral of this rude Scotch parable, for it teaches that no single generous action is unseen, or unrewarded by the great observer of all things. "Charity covereth a multitude of sins"—American Times.

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